

ASSASSIN'S CREED BRAHMAN



UBI
WORKSHOP

BRENDEN
FLETCHER
KARL
KERSCHL
CAMERON
STEWART

ASSASSIN'S CREED™ BRAHMAN



UBI
WORKSHOP



ASSASSIN'S CREED BRAHMAN

WRITTEN BY
BRENDEN FLETCHER
KARL KERSCHL

ART BY
KARL KERSCHL
CAMERON STEWART

COLOUR ART BY
JOHN RAUCH
WITH STUDIO LOUNAK

COVER ART BY
NICOLAS SINER

LETTERED & DIRECTED BY
STUDIO LOUNAK'S
SERGE LAPOINTE

ASSASSIN'S CREED BRAHMAN, 2013. First Printing

Maquette and Graphic Design by Studio Lounak

Published by:
Ubi Workshop Inc, 5000-5505 boul. St-Laurent,
Montreal (Quebec), H2T 1S6 - Canada.

Copyright © 2013 Ubisoft Entertainment. All rights reserved.
Assassin's Creed, Ubi Workshop, Ubisoft and the Ubisoft logo are
trademarks of Ubisoft Entertainment in the US and/or other
countries.

No part of this publication may be reproduced or transmitted,
in any form or by any means (except for the short excerpts for
review purposes) without the express written
permission from Ubisoft Entertainment. All names, characters,
events and locales in this publication are entirely fictional. Any
resemblance to actual persons (living or dead), events or places,
without satiric intent, is coincidental.

ISBN 978-2-924006-08-5
PRINTED IN CANADA

EXECUTIVE-PRODUCER
SÉBASTIEN PUEL

PRODUCER
AYMAR AZAIZIA

UNIVERSE ADVISOR
RICHARD FARRESE



UBISOFT™

SPECIAL THANKS:

YVES GUILLEMOT, YANNIS MALLAT,
JULIEN CUNY, LOUIS-PIERRE PHARAND,
XAVIER SZWENGLER,
THE AMAZING ASSASSIN'S CREED IV
BLACK FLAG TEAM,
JEAN GUESDON AND COREY MAY,
MARIE-ANNE BOUTET,
FABRICE FORESTIER, GAUTIER LANGEVIN
AND THE LOUNAK CREW

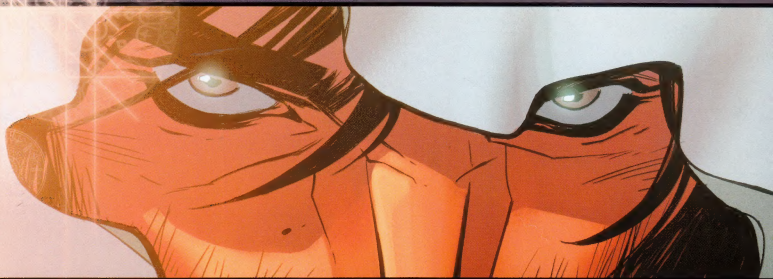
FUTURE ASSASSINS
INGRID KERSCHL
MAËL AZAIZA
MATIS SZWENGLER
MAXIM LAROSE
SAM "PEANUT" LAPOINTE
SARA-MAY FORESTIER

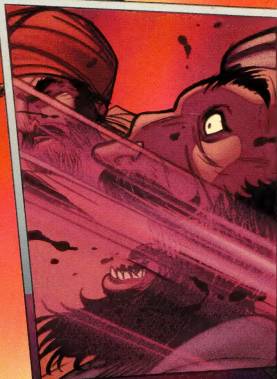


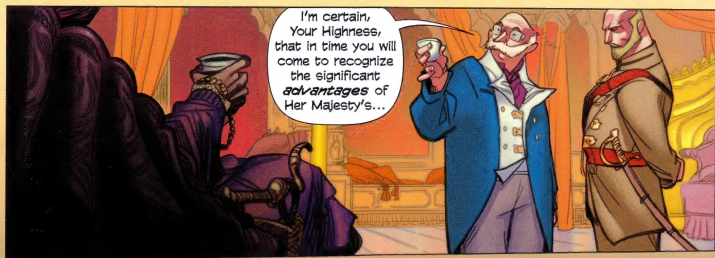
"His heart rate is spiking.
I'm worried.
We should pull him out."

"No. Leave him.
If he is who he
says he is, he'll
be fine."









SELECT NEW BRAHMAN

V.R. EXPERIENCE:

🌀 ACTION

🌀 FANTASY

🌀 MOVIE STAR

🌀 MEDITATION

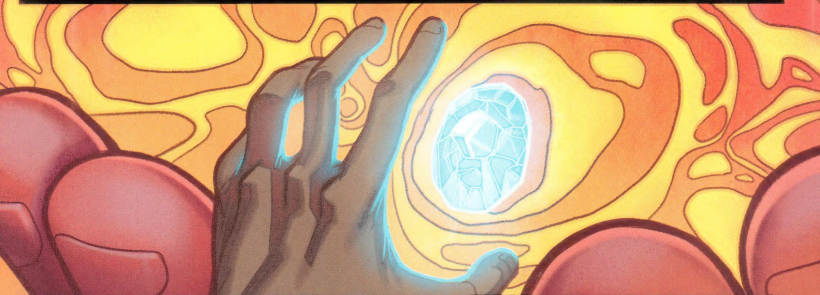
VR EXPERIENCE
Action
FANTASY
Movie Star
Meditation

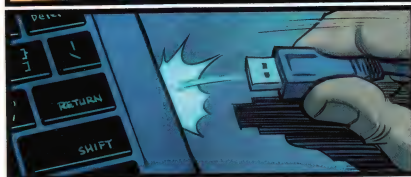
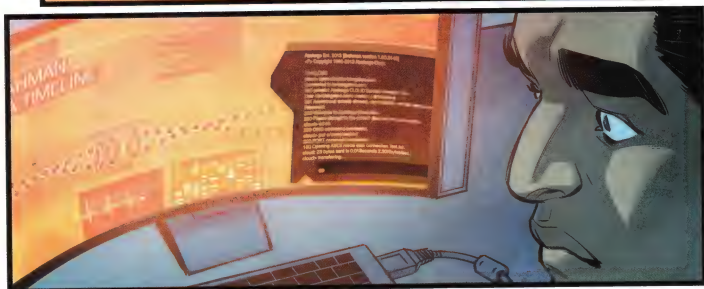


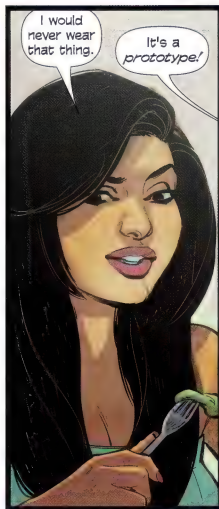
G:\BRAHMAN\kay\system00\sub\tp
[[AdjustTokenPrivileges
hToken;
FALSE;
&tp
sizeOf(TOKEN_PRIVILEGES)
(P_TOKEN_PRIVILEGE)
(PDWORD) NULL))
{
print("AdjustTokenP
return FALSE;
}
return TRUE;
}

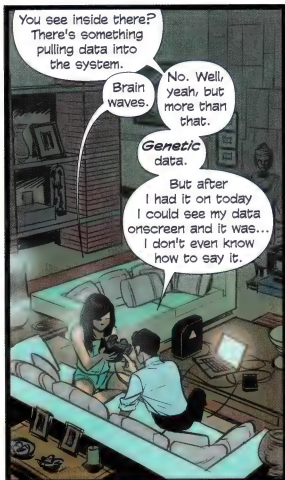
हर चमकती च... जाना नहीं होती

4 Bangalore. One week earlier.









You see inside there? There's something pulling data into the system.

Brain waves.

No. Well, yeah, but more than that.

Genetic data.

But after I had it on today I could see my data onscreen and it was... I don't even know how to say it.



It decoded and sorted my DNA into packets. By *year*. And it was tracing back, like...

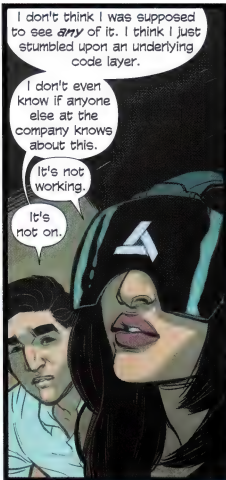
Your whole life?

No! **Centuries!**

Before I pulled the plug on it, I think...

It looked like it was a path of memories stored in my genes.

You could see all of this? In the helmet?



I don't think I was supposed to see *any* of it. I think I just stumbled upon an underlying code layer.

I don't even know if anyone else at the company knows about this.

It's not working.

It's not on.



Be careful with that.

When it's working, what would you see? A family tree?

Actual memories. Mom! From the point of view of the person experiencing them!

Over **hundreds** of generations!

Do you think we knew each other in former lives?



I want to see where you got your baby-face.

How do I look?

Pretty cute, actually, *Dvija*.



I have to get ready. Have to be out of here by eight for the photo shoot. It's for the foreign market press packet. They'll want to lighten my skin.

Shut up.

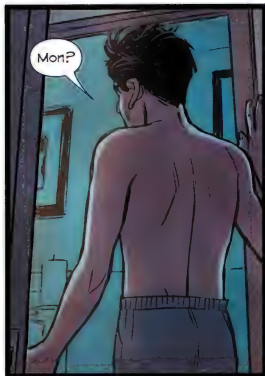
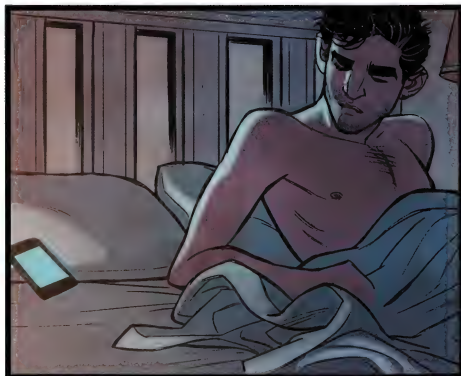
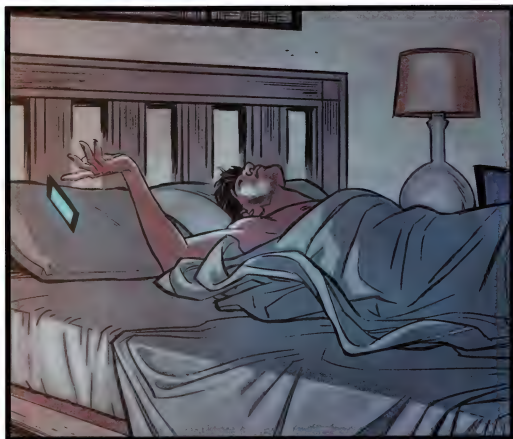
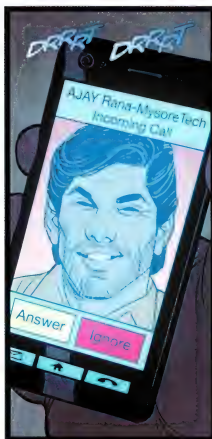
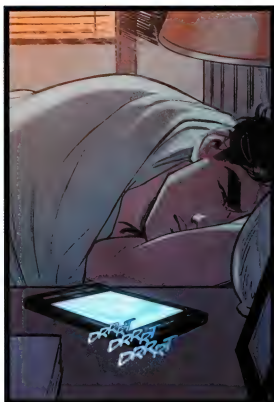
I'm not kidding. You can come if you want. It's just me and Sabyasit and the crew.

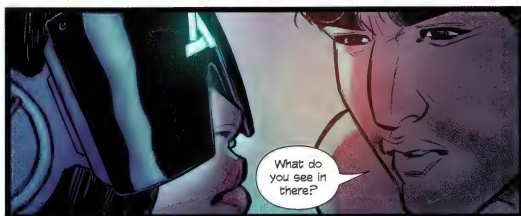
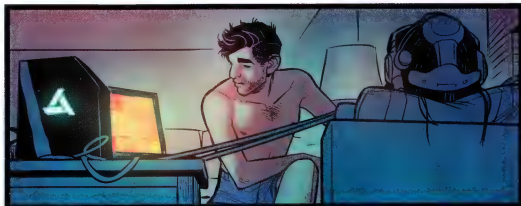
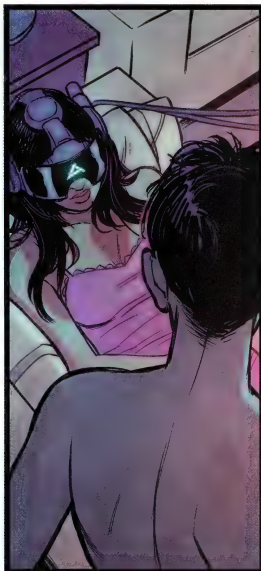
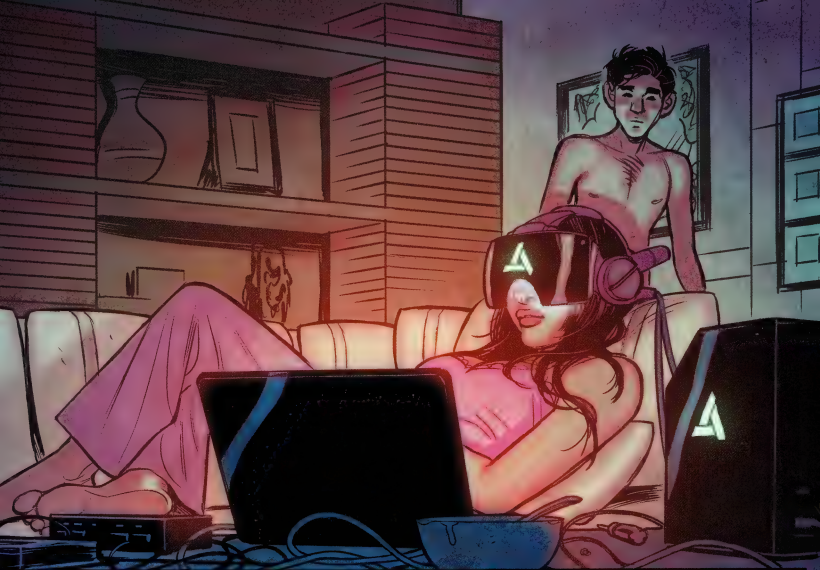


"Okay. Stay home and
play with your toy."

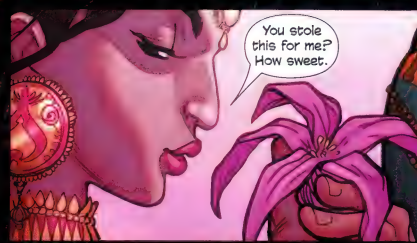
"Don't stay
up too late."











You stole
this for me?
How sweet.



Nerium
Oleander. From
Maharashtra.

But yes,
this particular
species comes
from your
dining room.

It's beautiful.
Thank you.



It's quite
poisonous.



Should I be concerned for my safety, sir?

Well, I wouldn't eat it.

How does an emissary from Kashmir know so much about flowers?

I only study the pretty ones.

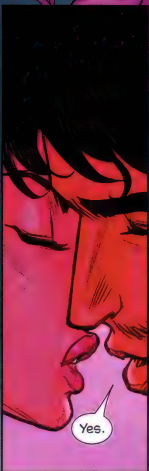


A princess should not conduct herself in such a way.

No, I think not.



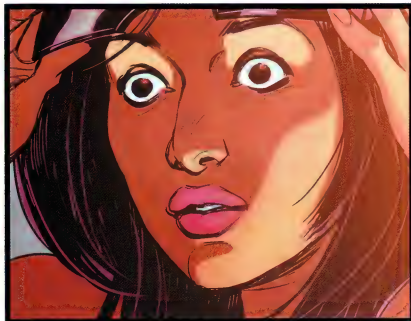
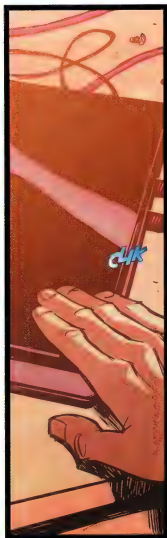
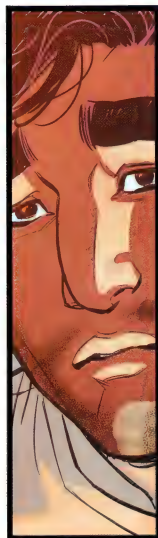
My grandfather... could have you killed.

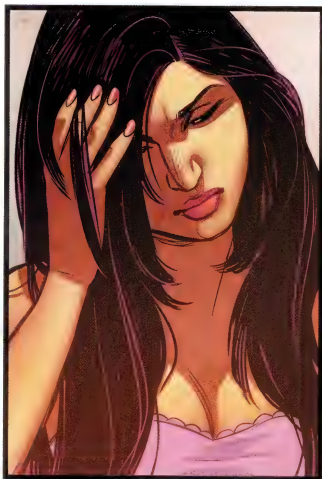


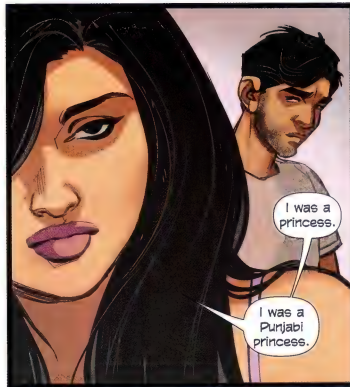
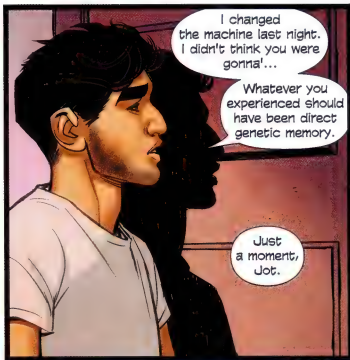
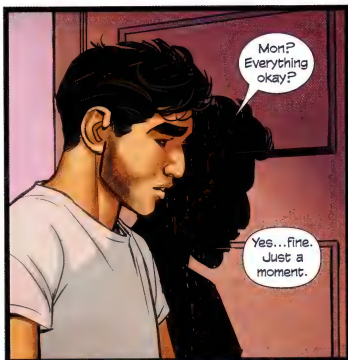
Yes.

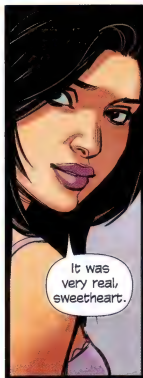
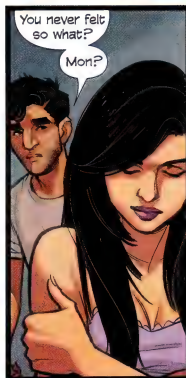
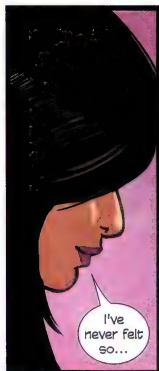


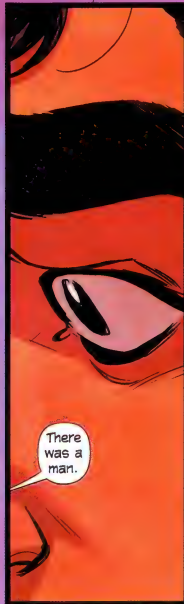
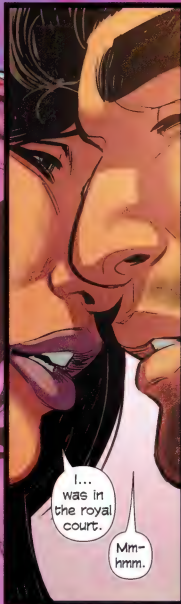
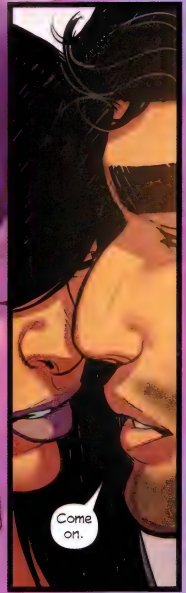
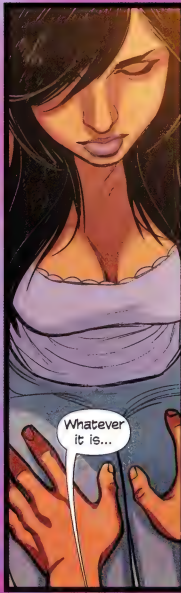
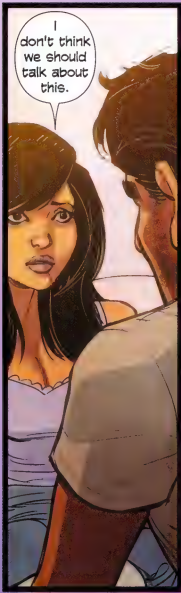
Yes.













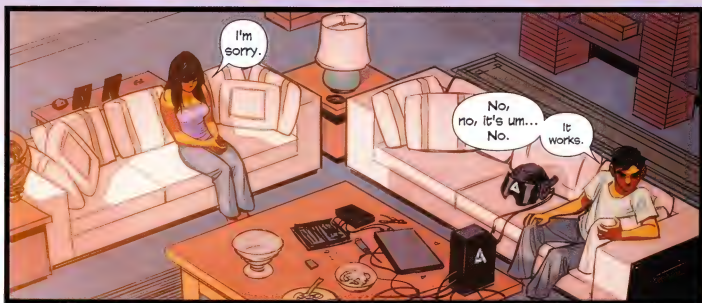
He had the strongest fingers.

And his eyes...

I felt like I'd known him my whole life.

Losing him suddenly like that... I don't know what I feel...

Sad.

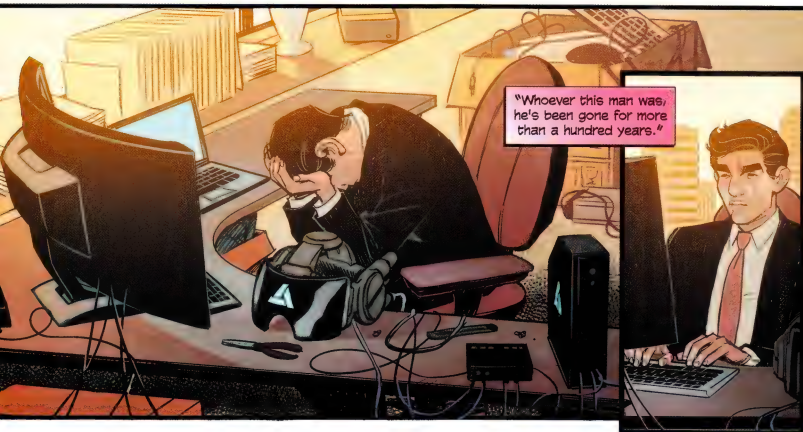


I'm sorry.

No, no, it's um... No.

It works.

"There's nothing
to be jealous of, sweetie.
Nothing has changed."



"For all we know,
he was your great-
great grandfather."

> Data stream interrupted.
Upload incomplete.
Scan incomplete.
User identity unknown.
replay last data stream

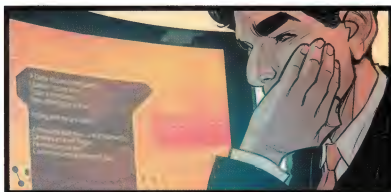
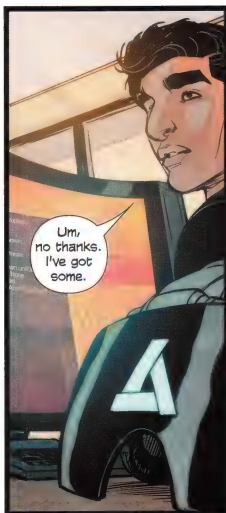
TAK TAK TAK TAK

> Data stream interrupted.
Upload incomplete.
Scan incomplete.
User identity unknown.
replay last data stream

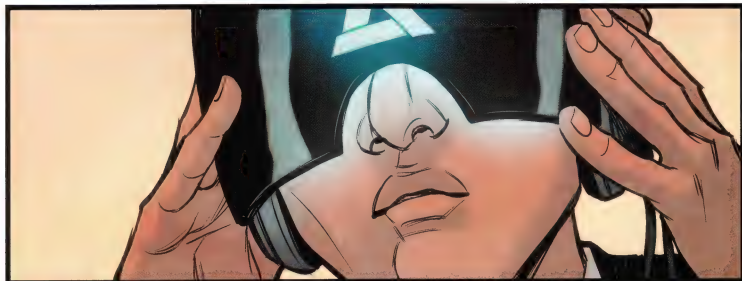
Accessing Brahman unit
Clearance Level: None
Permission denied
Cannot access Absitergo Cloud

Fuck.



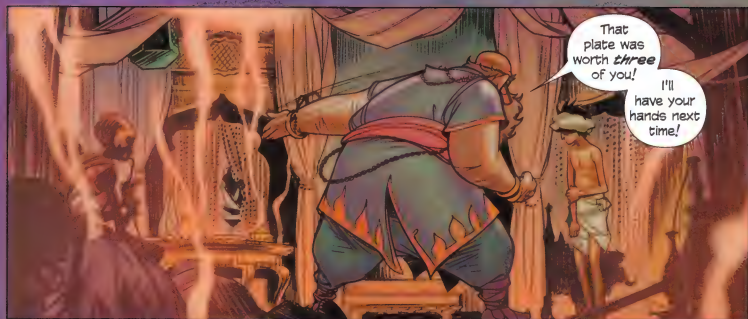


User identity unknown.





Mongrel!



That plate was worth *three* of you!

I'll have your hands next time!



You're back! I thought you lost.

Did you get it??



Ahh! Yes! Well done, my friend! You never disappoint.

I trust this blood is not yours.

Trust is a dangerous trait, Hamid.

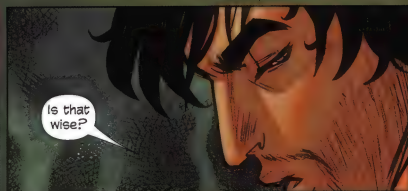
As-salamu alaikum.



Yes, yes,
Wa alaikum
assalam.

How does
this accursed
thing open?

Ah!



Is that
wise?



These dreamers
are beyond hearing.
We could not be in
a safer place.



And even
if that were
not so...

...I
doubt they would
believe their own
senses.



Hm.

You can read this?

I am able to understand very small parts.

No one has yet deciphered the whole of it. It is said to be the language of the gods.

This shape at the centre. I've seen it before.

Every child has seen it.

You know it as the *Kot-i-Noor diamond*. The *Mountain of Light*.



Before that it was known as the fabled *Syamantaka Mani*. And before that by another name which we can no longer pronounce.

A gift from the Sun God himself to India.



A Piece of Eden.

Perhaps.

The jewel has kept its secrets for many centuries.

But whispers in the great halls of the Brotherhood claim it is an immense source of energy with the power to bind the fate of all Pieces of Eden together as one.

And this map tells you where it is?



Oh, no, no. We already *know* where the diamond is.

Here, in Amritsar.

In the possession of the *Maharaja*.





Why has it not been taken before now?

Is the jewel so well guarded?

It is, it is. Yes. But that is not the problem.

Many have sought to possess the Syamantaka. All found death a step behind them.

It is said to be cursed.

While the diamond may bring untold wealth and power to those who worship it, in the wrong hands it is lethal.



The Maharaja seems to prosper.



Indeed he does. Some might say ~~too~~ much, hm?

Ranjit Singh has served as custodian to the diamond for nine years, at no small risk to himself.

Singh is a murderous cur.

Your people in Kashmir suffered a great tragedy, my friend. But those days have long passed and Singh's strength is all that stands between India and the growing British power.



If we do not take the Syamantaka now it will surely fall into *Templar* hands.

And Singh grows old. His heirs, unfortunately, lack his fortitude.

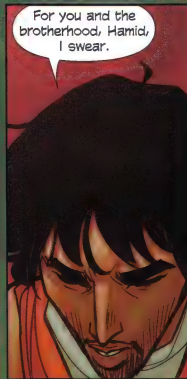
The English know of the jewel's value.



Then Singh is to survive this.

Yes. He must be protected at all costs.

Swear to me you will do this.



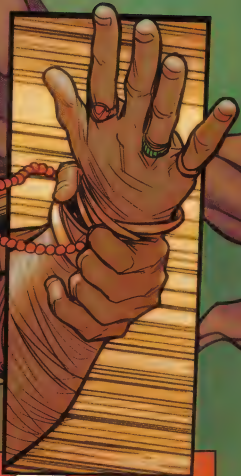
For you and the brotherhood, Hamid, I swear.



CRASH



Fool!
By my children
I swear that
I will--



How
much for your
servant?

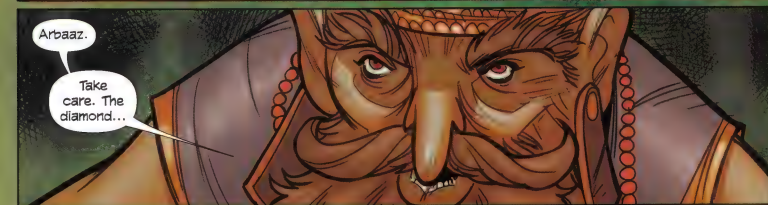
This *kutha*?
I should pay you
to take him from
my hands!

He is a
useless mute who
deserves to be
whipped.



We'll
need fresh
clothes.

Something
that doesn't
stink of
smoke.



Arbaaz.

Take
care. The
diamond...



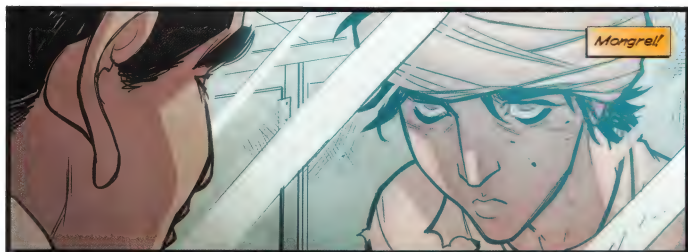
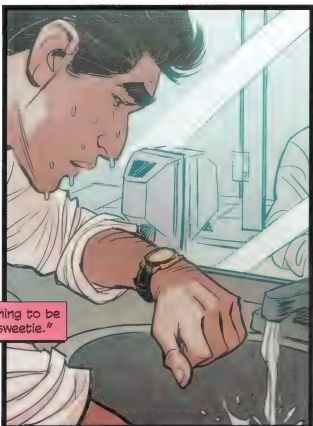
The transcription
reads: 'He who owns
this diamond will own the
world, but will also know all
its misfortunes. Only God,
or a woman, can wear
it with impunity.'

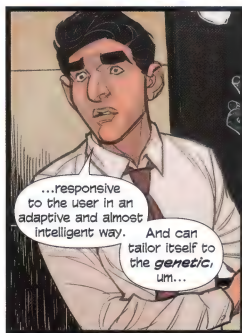
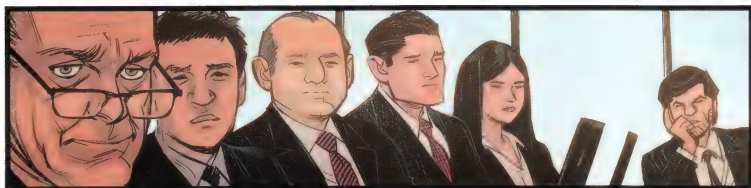
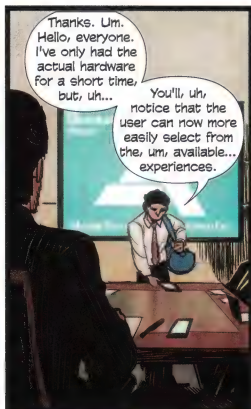
I don't
believe in
curses.

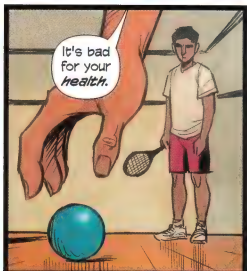
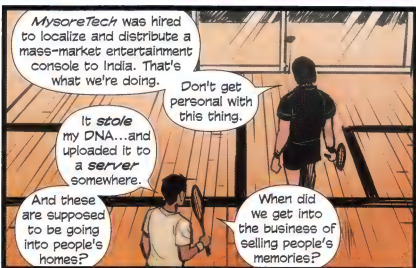
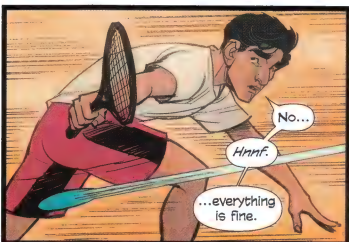
"There was
a man."



"There's nothing to be
jealous of, sweetie."











I've never had a servant before.



I don't particularly want one. No offense. But blending in with dignitaries is a delicate job and I need to look the part.

When this is all over, you'll go free.

That much and nothing more do I promise you.



You'll need to wash this off. You're going to be muslim for a little while.



Did you know that *Koh-i-Noor* is a Persian name?

"The fiend Nāder Shāh stole the jewel from Agra one hundred years ago and took it back to Persia as a prize. So in awe of its splendour, he called it the *Mountain of Light*."

"The *Koh-i-Noor*."

He was assassinated eight years later.

"So it has been for every man who has possessed the diamond, throughout history."


"Bad luck and worse luck. Most were killed, all were destroyed."

"Proof of a curse?"

"Hardly."

"It proves only one thing: The diamond excels at being stolen."

Which is exactly what we shall do.




"Unfortunately for us, Ranjit Singh is not so reckless as his predecessors. While he delights in showing off the diamond to his guests, we have reason to believe that the one he flaunts is a fake."

"The real Koh-i-Noor is hidden away in a secret chamber, a Tosha Khana, buried deep beneath the Summer Palace. The entrance to this chamber is known only to the Maharaja and his most trusted treasurer, Bustee Ram."

"The Tosha Khana itself is said to be unguarded, for the diamond needs no more guard than the sun needs consort in the sky."

"We will infiltrate the palace posed as a Kashmiri emissary and his servant. We will find Bustee Ram, follow him to the diamond and leave with it before we are so much as missed. At no time are you to open your mouth, stray too far from my side or touch anything. You will do exactly as I say without hesitation or both our lives may be forfeit."



"When we have safely liberated the diamond from the palace, we will part ways. Do you understand?"



"I value our little talks."



Get a good look. We won't be staying long.

Sat Sri Akal. Welcome, welcome. His Highness The Maharaja Ranjit Singh welcomes you to his royal court. You are the delegates from...

Kashmir.

Kashmir. Of course, of course. As-salamu alaikum.

Wa alaikum assalam.



I'm sorry for my ignorance. You will be staying with us for...?

Two nights. Word was sent of my arrival some time ago.

Raja Gulab Singh wishes to formalize his title of jagirdar of the northern Punjab territories.

And we have brought a gift for the Maharaja.



Many thanks. You must know, His Highness does not accept gifts.

But if you would entrust it to me I will see that--

All hail His Highness...

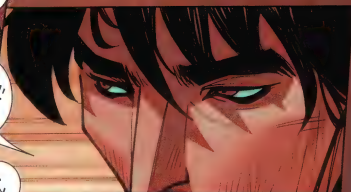
Maharaja Ranjit Singh.

Founder
of the Sikh Empire.
Lion of the Punjab.
Keeper of the
Sacred Koh-i-Noor
Diamond.





You wear the garb of a Kashmiri emissary, sir, but you move like a jungle cat on the hunt. What's your game... Assassin?



Stand down, Mister Cotton, we are not enemies today, despite the beliefs of our respective organizations.



A pity.

I was rather looking forward to adding a new hidden blade to my collection.

We both know you have more pressing interests in Amritsar than trophies.

Your people have much to gain from Singh's passing. I have my own reasons for seeing the deed done.

I won't get in your way.

You'll excuse me if I have trouble accepting you at your word. If you're not here to protect the Maharaja you must have another agenda.



On the contrary, I'm here to make certain you follow through. It wouldn't be the first time I've had to clean up after your kind.



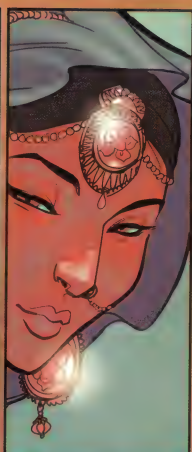
...
Look at the frail old Lion.

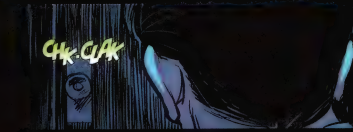


Suffered three strokes so far. Can barely even speak for himself.



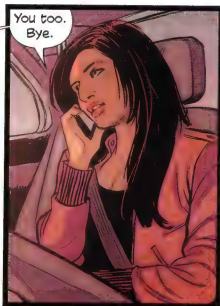
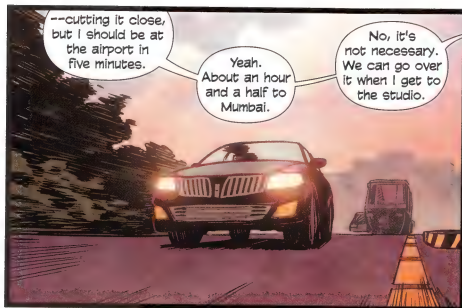
Perhaps it is the will of Allah that he endure.

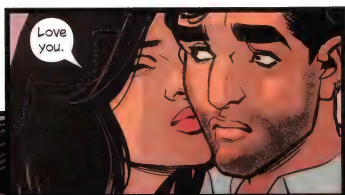


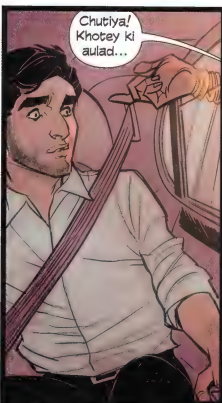
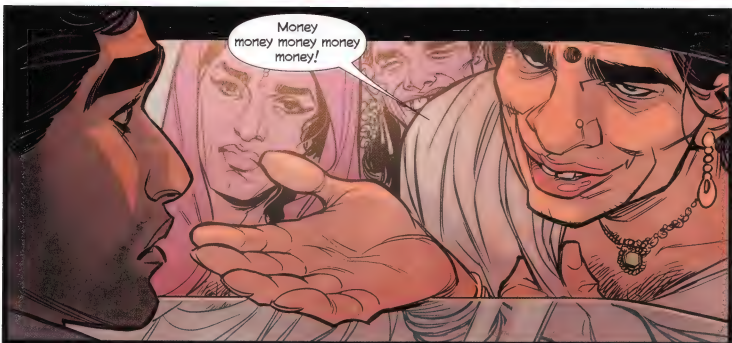


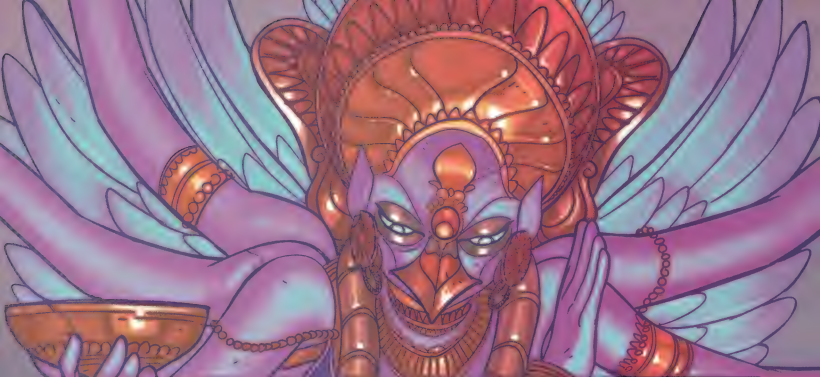


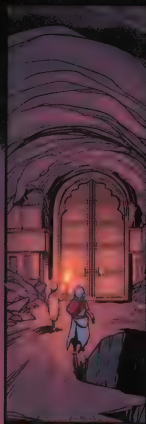


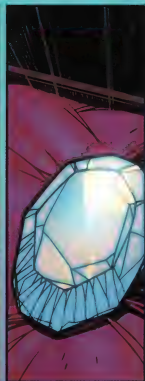















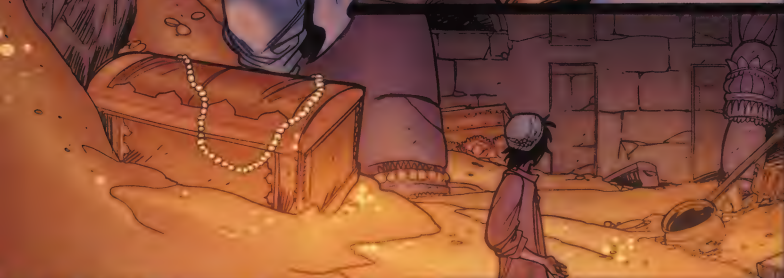
There must
be another chamber
somewhere.

Either
I missed it,
or...




No. There
was no other
entrance.

It has
to be in this
room.







We must
be right beneath
the moat.

Azeez-ud-din
and his men built
the palace in recent years
but these statues
are ancient.

They look
like Hindu deities
but they're unlike any
depictions I've
ever seen.



Somehow,
Singh knew
to return the
Syamantaka
Mani here.

Into
the hands of
those who gave
it to the first
men.







"I haven't been sleeping.
I don't know... I don't
know what I'm doing.
I'm not myself."



"I'm not thinking
straight."

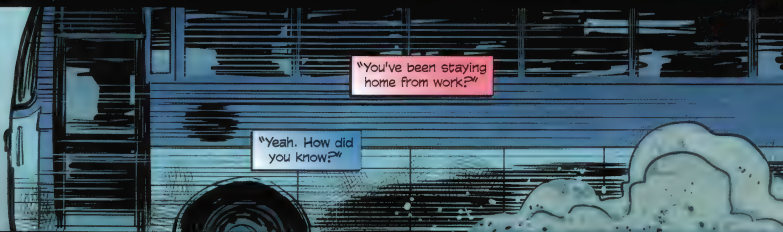


"I miss you."



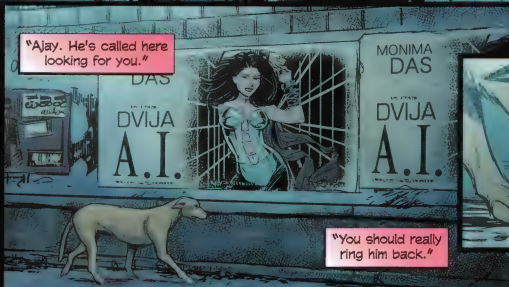
"Are you
there?"

"Yes."



"You've been staying
home from work?"

"Yeah. How did
you know?"



"Ajay. He's called here
looking for you."



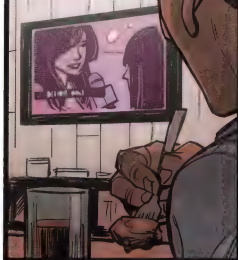
"You should really
ring him back."

"I'm coming to Mumbai."

"Oh, sweetie. I don't think that's a good idea."



"Things are mad here right now. I'm at the studio all day."



"Please, Mon. I won't be in your way."



"I just really need to see you. In person."

MONIMA DAS

"...Okay. Okay."



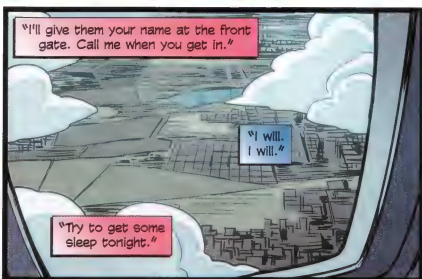
"I'm booking a ticket for tomorrow. I'll be there as soon as I can."



"I'll give them your name at the front gate. Call me when you get in."

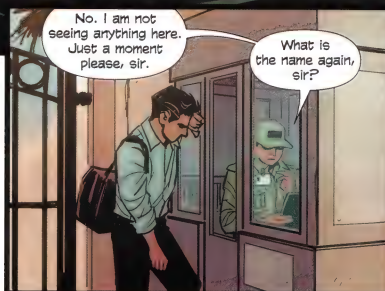
"I will. I will."

"Try to get some sleep tonight."

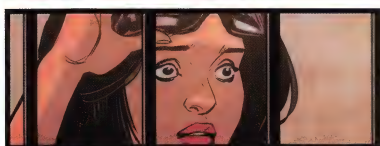
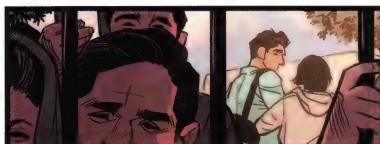
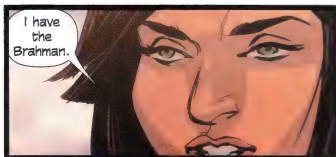


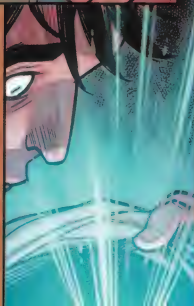
"I will."









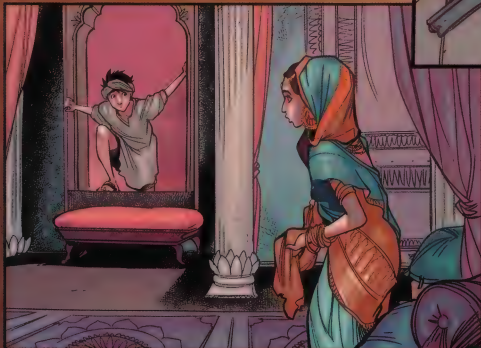
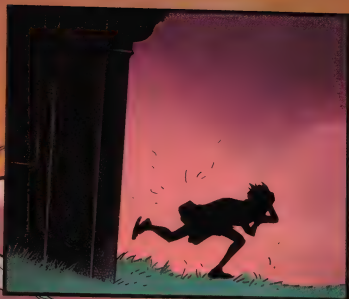


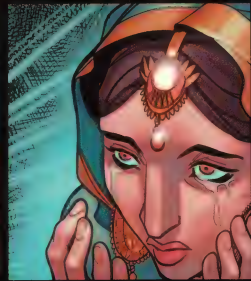
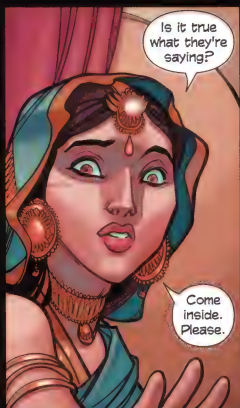
Returning the diamond will buy us greater leeway and goodwill with the Maharajah.

If everything goes as planned with the old man, it won't be long before it's back in her majesty's possession in a very legal and binding way, along with the rest of the Punjab.

Hoh hoh! Quite right, quite right!

Wait! Boy!







It's her again. Voicemail this time.

You know, I wouldn't have kissed you if I had known you were engaged to a movie star.

Smart to keep you a secret. Good career move.



It's going to be a total scandal when you two get married.



Ready?

Just a few more minutes and the Brahman will be good to go.



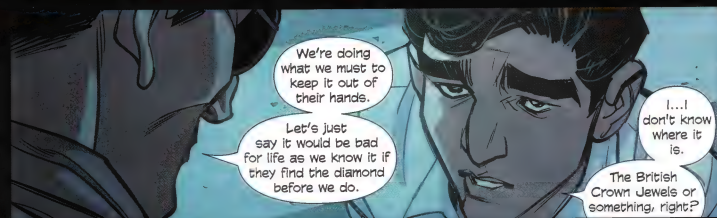
Lucky guy. Heir to the Punjabi throne.

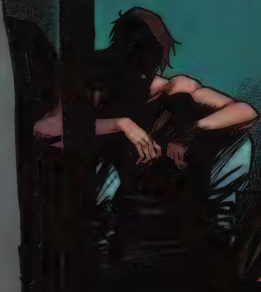
Your ancestor kept a very special secret from our people.



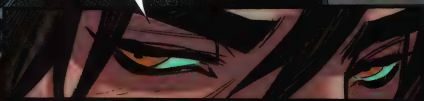
Why don't you save us all a lot of time and tell us what you know about Arbaaz Mir.

Where did he hide the real Koh-i-noor?





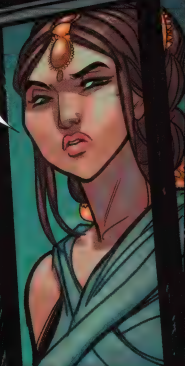
Your
highness.



What
were you
planning to
do with
it?

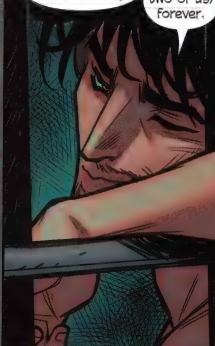
Sell it?

To
whom?

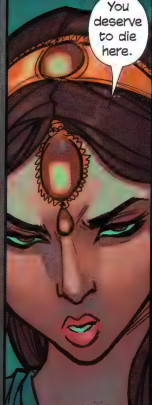


I would
have used its power
to whisk us away
to a far-off land of
milk and honey.

Just the
two of us,
forever.

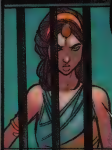


You
deserve
to die
here.



Yes,
please, tell
me more about
who deserves
what.

You can tell
your grandfather too,
when you're kneeling
beside his twitching,
dying body.



What are
you talking
about?

What do
you think the
British are
here for?

They want
the Punjab
and all of
India.

Where
are your
uncles? *Away?*
On *business?*
By *whose*
request?

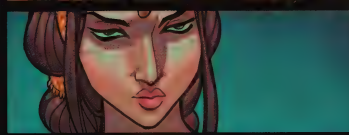
And when
are the British
meeting with
Singh?



I--They're
taking tea
together.

Let
me out of
here.

Now.
Before
it's too
late.



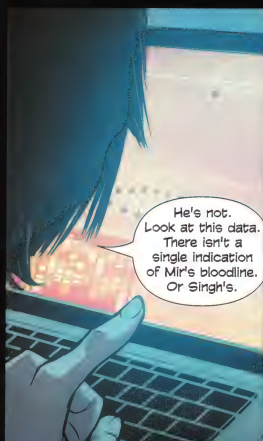


His heart rate is spiking. I'm worried. We should pull him out.



No. Leave him.

If he is who he says he is, he'll be fine.

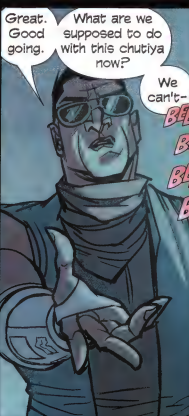


He's not. Look at this data. There isn't a single indication of Mir's bloodline. Or Singh's.



He's not *the* Heir. He's nothing. Nobody.

He lied.



Great. Good going.

What are we supposed to do with this chutiya now?

We can't-

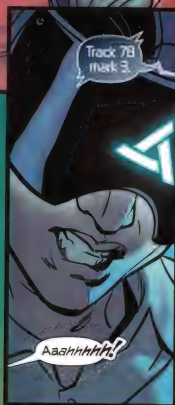
BEEP
BEEP
BEEP
BEEP

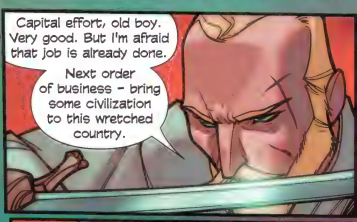


That's the pressure board on the stairs.

They're coming.









India...
will not...
fall...

...to
the likes...
of you...

...Templar.



Stay back,
old man. I'd hate
to have your blood all
over Her Majesty's
new rug.

Found
your voice,
hey?

Shame, really.
You're one of a kind.
Benevolent, they say.
All castes and creeds
under one roof.

You haven't
even the temper to
order the death of
one lowly thief.

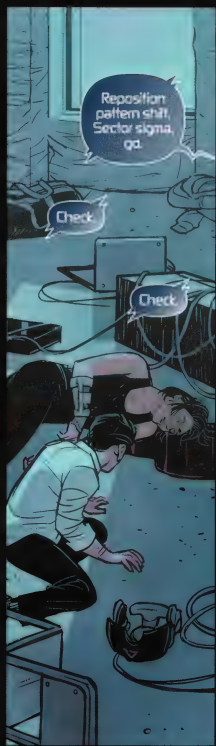


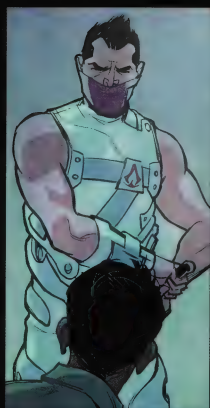
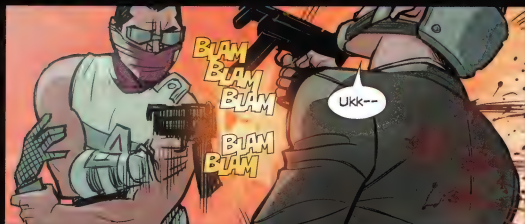
It takes more
nerve than
that to bring
the world to
order.

ASSASSIN!

The
Maharaja
is under
attack!









Come on.

!...!...
What are you--

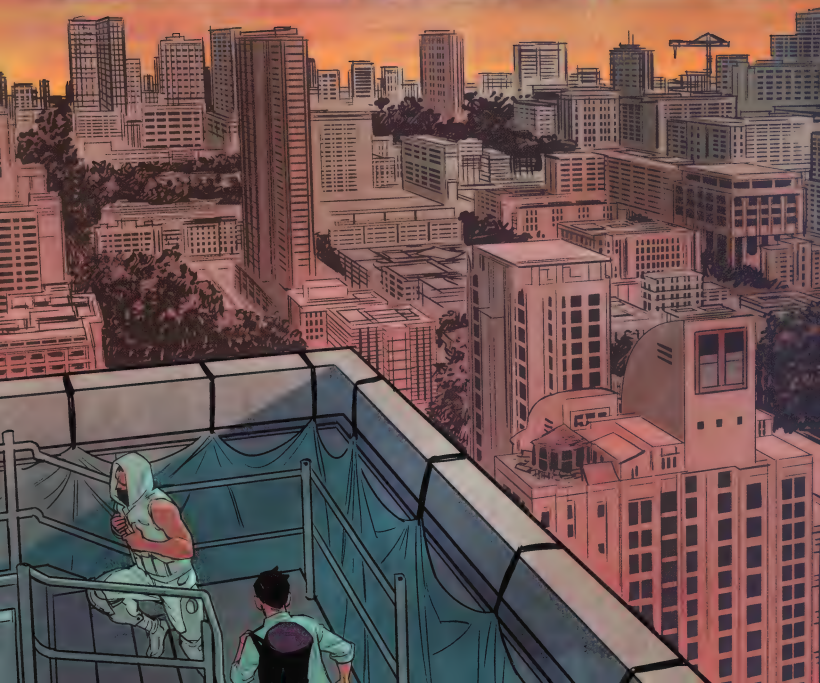


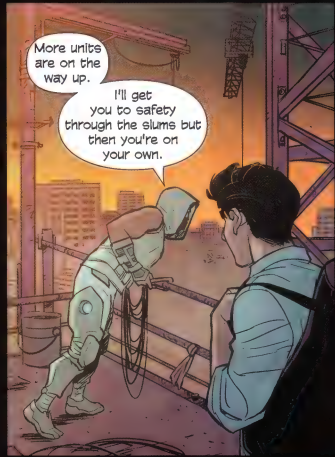
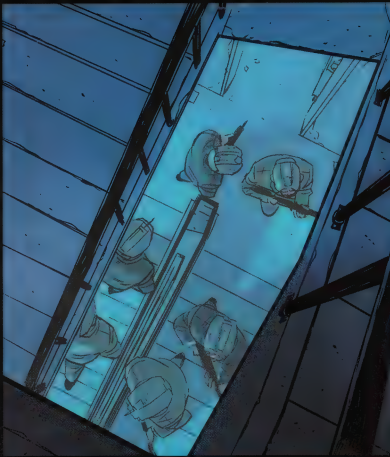
How did they track us?

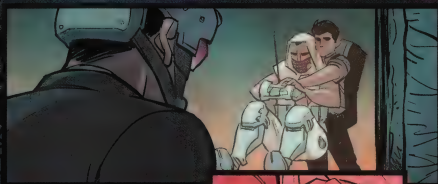
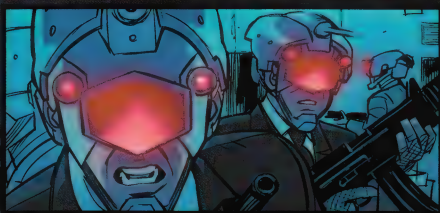
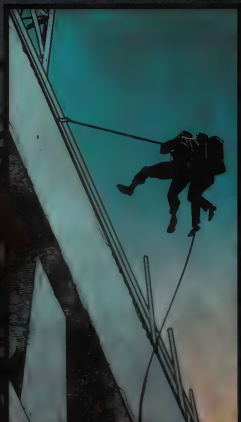
Does your device call home?

I don't know! You just...

What the fuck is going on here??







WROO
WROO







Can we
get a reset on
Ms. Das' hair please?
Studio needs her on
Lot B in...



Hello! **Boss!**
The **door!** What don't
you understand about
Closed Set:P!

Very sorry,
sir-ji. Very sorry. But
this is the man Soora,
for Miss Das.



JOT?
Oh, my--

Get me down.
Get me out of this
thing, **now!**





STAGE 21



Better than it was. I don't need a hospital.

How's your head?

You do.



I'm so sorry. I wish I'd...I've been such an idiot.

And now everything is going mad.



God. People are dying.

I feel like I'm going to be sick.



We're going to get you back home as soon as they examine you.

I'm rescheduling the rest of the shoot.

Mon, no.

This is more important.



I don't... I mean, I don't think it's safe for us to go home.

I barely escaped them. They...all of these guys think I'm the heir of Ranjit Singh.



Of his granddaughter. And...

...Arbaaz Mir.

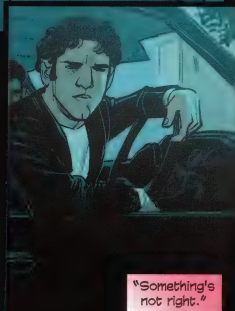
Yes.

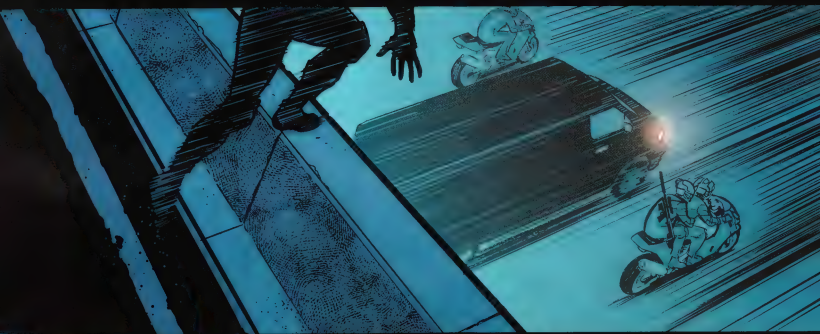
But you're not!



I know! You are!

And if they figure that out...I never should have brought the Brahman home.



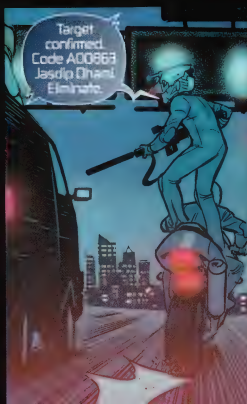


Unit 3,
track topside,
calibrate
for ghosts
and sync.

Lock down.
Head point-eight
and accelerate.



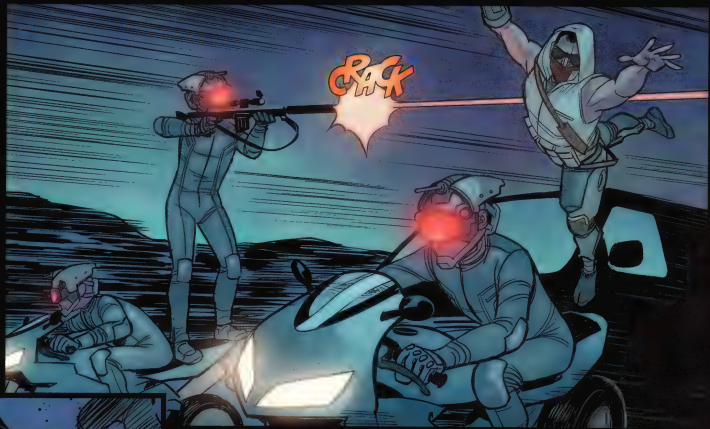
Syncing.
Resolving ghost
signals now.

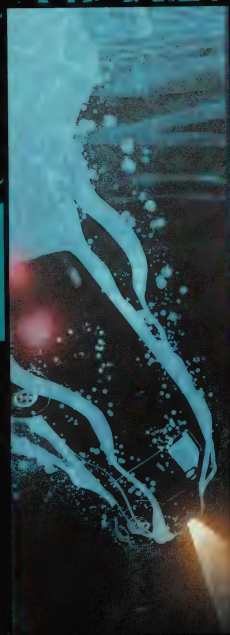
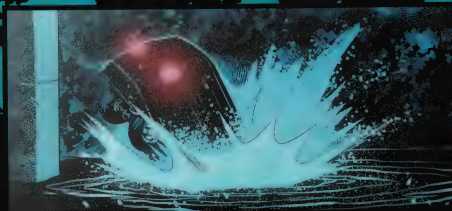


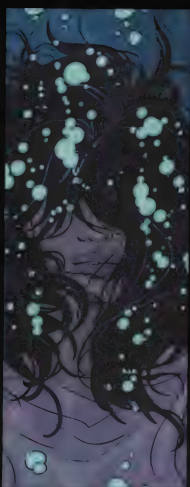
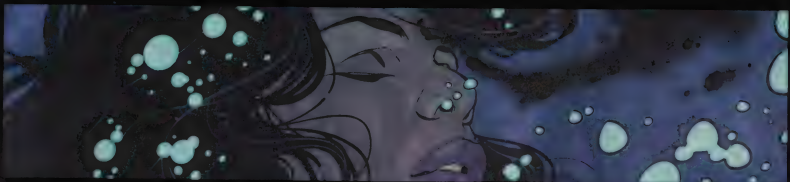
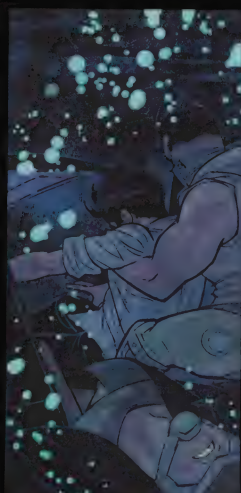
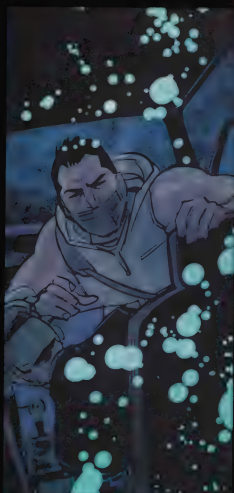
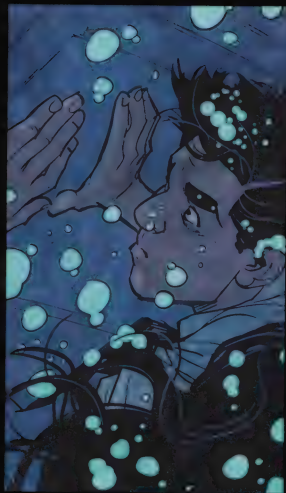
Target
confirmed.
Code A00863
Jasdip Dhami
Eliminate

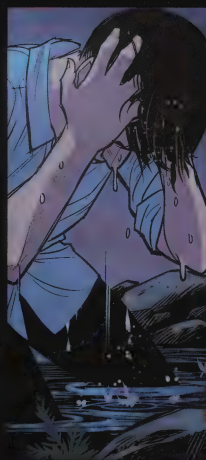


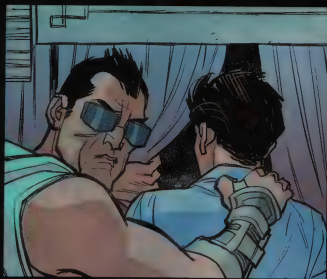
Locking
on.

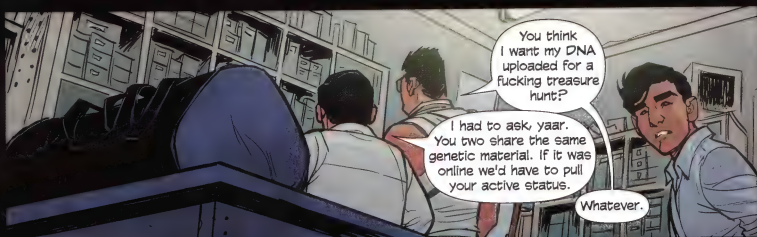












You think I want my DNA uploaded for a fucking treasure hunt?

I had to ask, yaar. You two share the same genetic material. If it was online we'd have to pull your active status.

Whatever.



I'll get someone to transport her remains to the library tomorrow, Dhami.



It shouldn't have happened this way. The slip-suits were meant to give you an advantage.



Suits are useless now.

They can track us. Some kind of advanced optics.



"And you're all mine."

Dhami. Where is your boy?

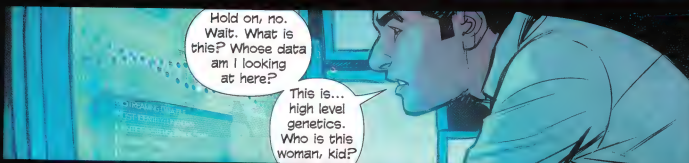


Mother fucking *chutia*, that thing calls home!

No, no, no, no, no, no, He'll compromise the Rana ID!

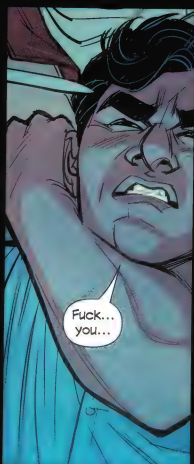


I should snap your neck, you useless...

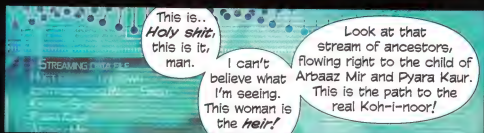


Hold on, no. Wait. What is this? Whose data am I looking at here?

This is... high level genetics. Who is this woman, kid?



Fuck... you...



This is.. **Holy shit,** this is it, man.

I can't believe what I'm seeing. This woman is the **heir!**

Look at that stream of ancestors, flowing right to the child of Arbaaz Mir and Pyara Kaur. This is the path to the real Koh-i-noor!



We need to get this backed up and wiped from the Abstergo cloud before it's discovered. If they find that diamond first and get it anywhere near a Piece of Eden, we're all fucked. Can we get to this woman? We should collect her before they do.



"How long have we got, Dinesh?"

"Minutes, maybe, considering how long the device has been online. Depends how far away they are."

"I hope the kid can shoot."



Look Jot, I'm sorry. I didn't know about what happened to your wife.

But her data is copying over now.

We've got her, safe and sound, thanks to you.

You hear me?

You might have just saved our entire organization.

You might have saved the world.



We're engaged. She's not my wife yet.

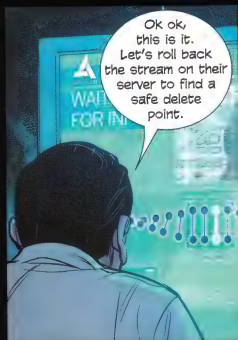
We're getting married after her big London premiere.

We're only engaged right now.



I'm sorry. I-- Fuck him.

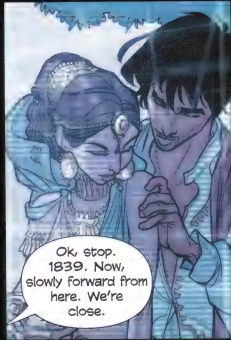
We don't have time for this. We've all lost people today.



Ok ok, this is it. Let's roll back the stream on their server to find a safe delete point.



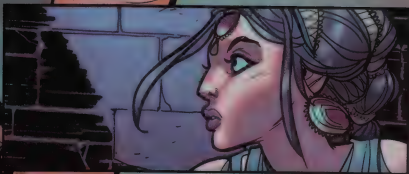
Further back. Faster.



Ok, stop. 1839. Now, slowly forward from here. We're close.

ASSASSIN!

The
Maharaja
is under
attack!



Grandfather!

cough
*cough...



Are you alright? Are you hurt?

Leave us.

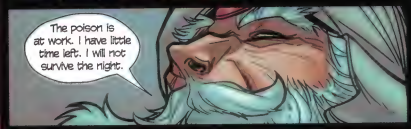


I have...
"cough"
I have failed you.
Failed us...
all.

I afforded the English a respect they did not deserve. I thought them men of honour.

Now I pay...
"cough"
the price. India... pays the price.

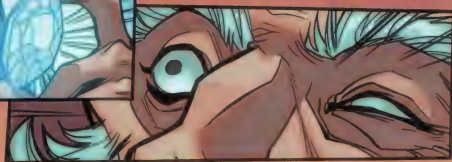
No! We'll have you well again and--



The poison is at work. I have little time left. I will not survive the night.



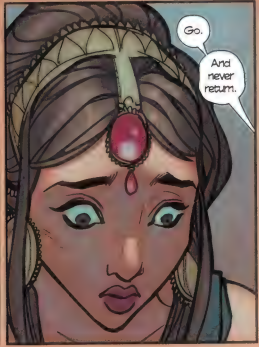
You will. With this.



Listen to me, child. It may not be too late. Take the Syamantaka Mani and go. Far from here.

But--

They will come for you. All of you. Your uncles will not have the strength to hold the empire together. The Punjab may fall but we may still protect India herself.



Go.

And never return.



SHUNK!

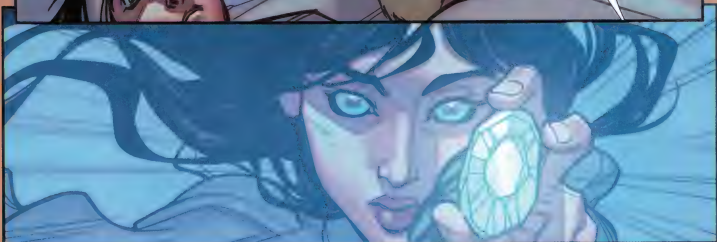
Nvk

Aghhhhh!!!

Huf
Huf

Uff?

Tek bak.
Sloppy,
assassin.



We are one of many but essential to the unity of all.

Splintered though we may appear within the limited notion of this moment, we exist as one, as we always have and always will.

You have been fragmented children, but know that you are also whole.

Do not allow your concept of time to act as a paralyzing wall when the fate of all you hold dear rests in your hands.

We speak through this vessel to you this time and medium an anchor that we might commune.

We must exist freely at all points for your race, our children, to exist and to remain free.

Shroud this intelligent lens until you become unified and can realize this heart, our heart, to be the one that endowed you precious breath.

Die, damn you!

And never doubt the lengths to which we will go to protect what is precious to us.

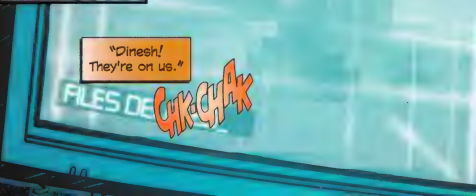
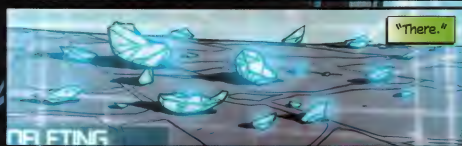


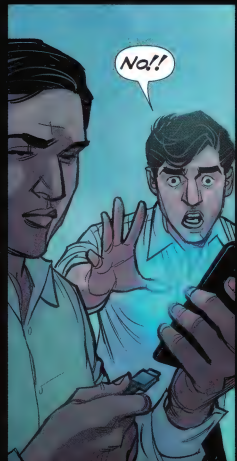
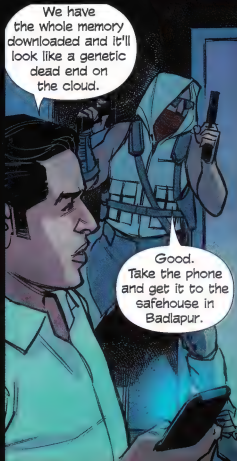
BLAM

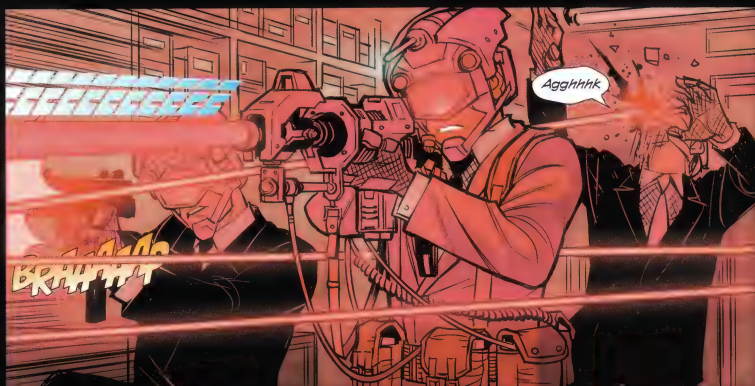
Nrasaahhh!

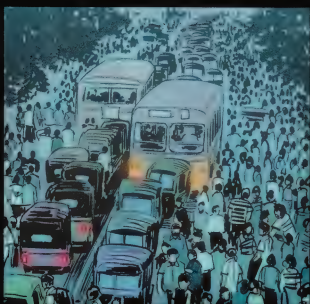
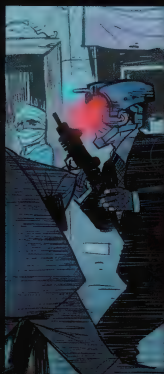
LUFF

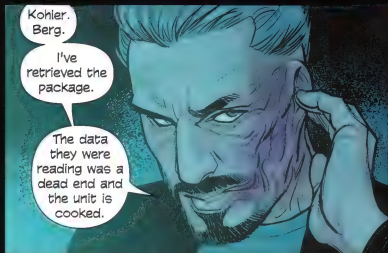
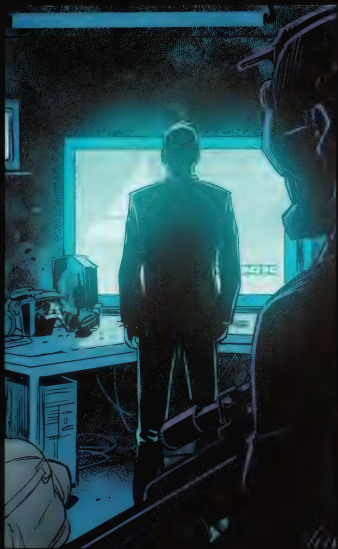
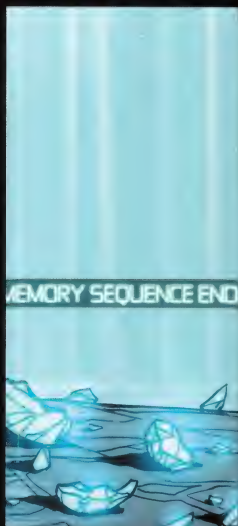








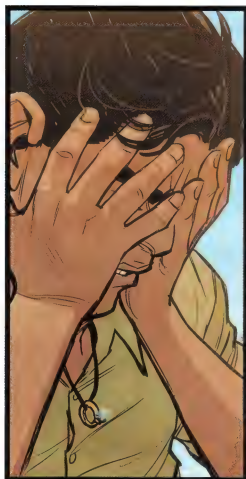
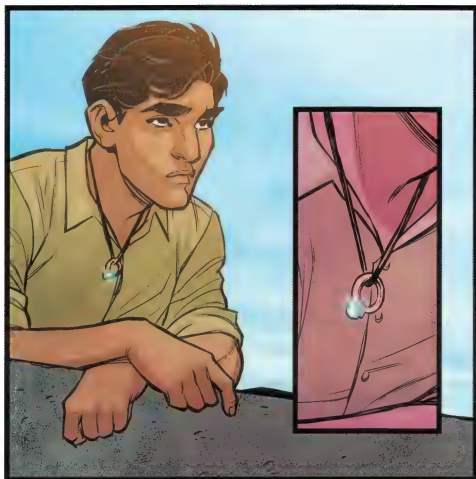


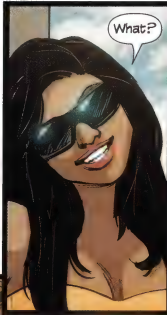


The data they were reading was a dead end and the unit is cooked.



They have nothing.





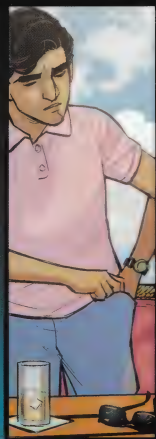
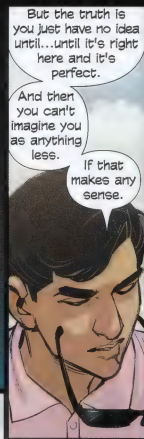
Let's never leave here.

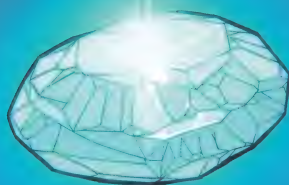
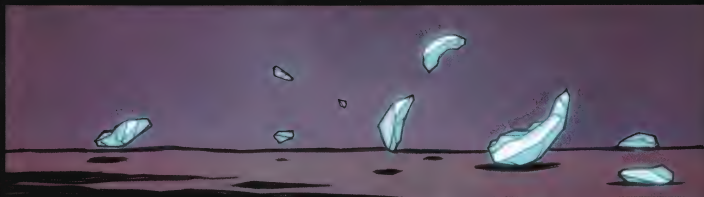
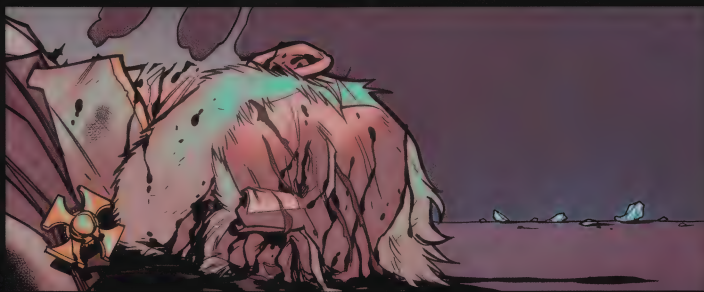
I'm serious. What could possibly be worth leaving here for? We'll just freeze time around us and stay.

I believe you could do that.

You do?







"Morima..."

BEHIND BRAHMAN

HISTORY BEHIND THE STORY

Ranjit Singh (13 November 1780 - 27 June 1839) founded the Sikh Empire, which extended across the Punjab region to the northwest of India from 1799 to 1849.

He was the son of a small faction leader at the head of a misl, one of numerous entities comprising the region at that time. During childhood, he suffered from smallpox which resulted in the loss of one eye. He succeeded his father at the age of twelve.

During the summer of 1799, Ranjit Singh conquered the misl of Lahore, the economic capital of the region, with the ensuing expansion leading to his being crowned Maharajah of Punjab at twenty years of age. He then launched an attack on the Afghans, acquiring many territories where Islam was the predominant religion.



Maharaja Ranjit Singh, founder of the Sikh Empire (1780-1839)

Although some of their conquests were violent, the Sikh Empire proved to be very progressive and open-minded for the times. All religions were freely allowed there, and the very rigid Hindu system of social castes did not apply in the Sikh religion, in which all men were considered equal. With the annexation of Kashmir to the north and Sindh to the south, Muslims represented more than 70% of subjects in the Sikh Empire.

Wanting to have his memory live on in the Sikh religion, Ranjit Singh ordered the sacred temple of Harmandir Sahib to be adorned. He had marble installed there, and had the exterior covered entirely in gold leaf. From then on, the western world referred to the sacred center of the Sikh religion and culture as the "Golden Temple".

Even today, Ranjit Singh is venerated by Sikhs across the entire world as one of the great heroes of their culture. A bronze statue approximately seven meters high (22 feet) representing Maharajah Singh was unveiled in the vicinity of the Indian Parliament in August 2003.



BEHIND BRAHMAN

HISTORY BEHIND THE STORY

The Koh-i-Noor is a 105-carat diamond. Almost certainly one of the most desirable gems on the planet, it has passed through the hands of many dynasties on the Indian subcontinent. There are some who believe the diamond to be the fabled Syamantaka Mani, perhaps the most famous jewel in Hindu mythology, supposed to be blessed with magical powers.

In 1850, the diamond was confiscated from the Sikh Empire by the British East India Company and became part of the British Crown Jewels when Queen Victoria was proclaimed Empress of India in 1877. The diamond is currently set into the Crown of Queen Elizabeth and is on display at the Tower of London.

It is believed that the Koh-i-Noor carries with it a curse which affects men who wear it, but not women. All the men who owned it have either lost their throne or had other misfortunes befall them. Queen Victoria is the first reigning monarch to have worn the gem. Since Victoria's reign, the stone has generally been worn by the Queen Consort, never by a male ruler.



Her Majesty Queen Alexandra wearing the Koh-i-noor in her coronation crown (1902)



AMRITSAR

Situated in the northwest of India in the Punjabi state, Amritsar is the spiritual center of the Sikh community. The city owes its name to the sacred pool constructed in 1573 by Ram Das, the fourth ranked guru in Sikhism. In 1588 his successor Guru Arjan ordered the construction of a sacred place at the same location where Guru Nanak, the very first guru, would go to meditate. The Harmandir Sahib, known in the western world as the "Golden Temple", was completed in 1604. Guru Arjan had the manuscript of his commandments installed there. His writings today are the basis of the Sikh faith, which considers this book as the words of its last living guru.

In 1801, Ranjit Singh was crowned Maharajah of Punjab, subsequently creating the Sikh Empire. During his reign, Amritsar became the region's capital.

CHARACTER DESIGNS



Brahman VR, modern Assassin and Abstergo agents design work



THE BRAND NEW GRAPHIC NOVEL FROM THE AWARD-WINNING TEAM BEHIND THE CRITICALLY ACCLAIMED *ASSASSIN'S CREED: THE FALL* AND *ASSASSIN'S CREED: THE CHAIN* GRAPHIC NOVELS, BASED ON THE HIT VIDEO GAME SERIES



Who is **Jot Soora**? Devoted fiancé of movie star **Monima Das**, gifted programmer at software giant MysoreTech, or deadly Assassin with a secret?

When Jot stumbles into a layer of code deep in his company's new device, the discovery threatens his relationship, his job and his life. It also reveals shocking links to an ancestral past that cause him to question everything he knows about himself. As he delves further into memories stored in his genetic makeup, he uncovers an age-old battle between **The Templar Order** and **The Assassin Brotherhood**, both of whom are racing to find a mysterious artifact buried in the past that has the power to alter the fate of all mankind.

Karl Kersch (*Superman*, *The Flash*) and Cameron Stewart (*Batman & Robin*, *Catwoman*), the award-winning creators of the critically acclaimed **ASSASSIN'S CREED: THE FALL** and **ASSASSIN'S CREED: THE CHAIN**, are joined by writer Brenden Fletcher (*Wednesday Comics: The Flash*) on **ASSASSIN'S CREED: BRAHMAN**—the latest generation-spanning graphic novel companion to the blockbuster video game series.

Suggested for Mature Readers



UBISOFT®

